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ANGELA TIATIA Holding on 2015. Still, single-channel HD video. Collection of Dunedin Public Art Gallery. Courtesy of the artist and Sullivan + Strumpf, Sydney.

EDITORIAL

I Will Go 7 Days With a Flip Phone

I feel weird. I think it's probably some combination of seeing my brother for the first time in a long time and being in my last ever second semester, but I feel that every day is going too fast now. At the time of writing, I have just become eligible to graduate with my law degree. Nearly five years of work is close to completion.

This week's content probably didn't help, either. The feature is a fish and chip review, and as someone who practically grew up on a boat, editing all of the staff reviews was super nostalgic. My childhood was tearing into cod that my dad had caught, either beer battered or panko crumbed. Plus, Critic just hosted bingo night (with heaps of help), and we have a gig at Carousel this Thursday with Hold On To Your Friends. It's pretty trippy switching from being a fresher attending Re:Ori events to planning them. I feel old and in the mood to reminisce, basically.

Given those feelings, I've found it hard to be in the present. It's actually left me with some formidable writer's block, and I think it's time

for me to experience something a bit different for a while. I want to think about some different things and try to enjoy my last semester at university without feeling flat and sad. Given that, my logical next step has been to stop using my phone and trade it in for a flip phone for a week. I have purchased a prepaid simcard, and am ready to ascend to my final form as a wannabe 2000s cool older sister.

In terms of what I will think I will miss the most about my iPhone, I think it will be Instagram Reels and Candy Crush. I will also need to probably print out my timetable. Other than that, I don't predict many issues, but I'll provide an update in next week's editorial to see if my writer's block has vanished and I feel more zen.

Wish me luck, and feel free to flick me a text on 020 4055 9431. Please no calls – I haven't figured out how to mute them yet.

Hanna Varrs ☆

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THIS PUBLICATION IS AI FREE.

LETTERS

UNIVERSITY BOOK SHOP

Kia ora Critic,

I'm writing on behalf of the (I'm sure) swathes of other trans people who were disappointed to find no reporting in this week's Critic about the recent kill-the-gender-bill protest, despite it being represented on the cover. I understand the protest happened while Uni & Critic were on break, but I'm sure you could have at least tracked down one impassioned trans voice to give a retrospective, or to fill readers in on what the whole "definitions bill" thing is even about. Failing that, maybe a mention in TL;DR? When it comes to the rights and dignity of a marginalized group, vague references in wordfinds and bureaucratic Exec statements just don't cut it.

I'm sure the same critique could be applied to the similarly contextless picture of a fees-free cuts protest in the centrefold. It's the same level of vapidness as posting a changing-room photo of yourself in a cute dress, without ever buying it - if you want the pic, you've gotta commit to the (journalistic) bit.

Moh

Editor's Response: Thanks for writing. Your point about doing a retrospective piece on the absolutely abhorrent Definition of a Gender Bill and accompanying protest is something that I should have considered. You're right in saying that at the time the protest occurred, Critic was on break, and I was in the midst of exams while many of our staff attended. Additionally, submissions on the Bill had closed by the time our first issue went to print. However, we could have still uploaded a piece online, and I fell short of my responsibility to ensure that Critic champions the issues that affect students. I am really sorry for the lack of coverage in that respect, and the same applies to the Fees Free protest.

Send a letter to the editor at critic@critic.co.nz to be in to win a \$20 UBS voucher.

Otago Uni Died

Otago Uni did not die when the buildings emptied. The buildings are still there. The Clocktower still performs its old stone authority. The Leith still cuts its green grammar through campus. The libraries still breathe in winter. The lecture theatres still open their jaws. The brochures still know how to say vibrant, world-class, connected, beautiful, historic, alive. Otago did not die as an institution. It died as a commons. It died when noon stopped belonging to everyone.

There was once a rhythm to the place. A hive rhythm. A shared social clock. The campus did not merely contain students; it released them into each other. People spilled out. The Union mattered. The Link mattered. Clubs mattered. Arguments mattered. Accidental meetings mattered. You could find your people because your people were not all being atomised by competing timetables, assessments, streams, labs, jobs, debt, anxiety, and administrative optimisation.

A university is not a building that dispenses credentials. A university is a collision engine.

It requires overlap. It requires idle proximity. It requires the unplanned encounter: the person you only meet because everyone is free at the same time; the club you join because you walked past the table; the argument that becomes a politics; the politics that becomes a movement; the movement that becomes a life.

That is what a communal lunch hour was. Not lunch. Infrastructure for belonging. A university that abandons its shared hour does not merely change the timetable. It removes the daily ritual by which a mass of individuals becomes a campus.

The evidence is not imaginary. As early as 2010, Critic recorded student political commentary blaming apathy on internal assessment and the lack of a common lunch hour. That sentence matters because it names the wound before nostalgia could tidy it into myth. It says the problem was already visible: students were not simply lazy, empty, disinterested, or culturally lesser. Their common time had been broken.

Current Otago policy confirms the logic of the machine. Standard teaching hours run from 8am to 6pm, core teaching hours from 9am to 5pm, with lectures scheduled from the start of each hour and finishing ten minutes before the next. That is efficient. It is also revealing. The timetable sees rooms. It sees throughput. It sees building use. It sees streams. It sees clashes. It sees delivery. But does it see the campus as a living organism? Does it see noon? Does it see the hour when the university becomes visible to itself?

Look at the paper schedules. Teaching happens through the old commons: 12pm, 1pm, multi-hour blocks cutting through the centre of the day. That may make administrative sense. But the social result is brutal. There is no longer one lunch. There are fragments of lunch. There is no longer a campus exhale. There are only individual gaps.

A student with a 12pm class does not meet the student with a 1pm class. The club cannot gather everyone. The protest cannot assemble casually. The poster is seen by some, missed by others. The musician plays to a partial campus. The activist speaks into a timetable wound. The student alone at noon

assumes everyone else has somewhere to be. They may not be lonely because they lack courage. They may be lonely because the institution destroyed synchrony.

Otago still knows this at the edges. OUSA still runs cheap lunch from 12 to 2:30, and calls everyone welcome. The Performing Arts programme still holds Wednesday 1pm lunchtime concerts. OUSA minutes from 2014 even record planned summer-school lunch-hour activities: croquet, ice creams, art displays, crochet. These are not trivial details. They are ghosts of the lost commons trying to return in fragments. The institution keeps rebuilding little campfires where it once had a hearth.

And the public memory knows something changed. Critic could run a piece called "In Memoriam: the Death of the Scarfie" in 2011, naming a cultural death around Campus Watch, codes of conduct, and students retreating into private drinking rather than shared public student life. A later public Reddit thread carries the same divided grief: one commenter says Otago had been clamping down for more than fifteen years and that the local student pubs were gone; another says the party reputation is overblown and the campus remains cool, academic, social, and full of options.

That tension is the truth. Otago is not dead. Otago is haunted. It still has students. It still has excellence. It still has beauty. It still has events. It still has colleges, libraries, lawns, laboratories, cafés, sports, flats, cold mornings, and the strange southern romance of Dunedin. Official descriptions still call Otago a place of connection, community, adventure, and campus life.

Times Higher Education still describes Otago as offering an "unrivalled campus experience" in a city where thousands of young people live near the campus. So no, the university is not dead in the crude sense. But something central died. The shared hour died. The visible commons died. The hive at noon died. And when the hive dies, students do not merely lose lunch. They lose the daily proof that they are part of something larger than their own timetable.

A university must teach subjects. But it must also teach encounter. It must teach the art of finding one another. It must protect the unassessed hour, the uncredentialed hour, the politically dangerous hour, the club hour, the music hour, the flirtation hour, the argument hour, the "I did not know I needed this person" hour.

Noon is not empty time. Noon is civic architecture. Bring back the common lunch hour. Not as nostalgia. As repair. Not because students need more free time. Because a university without shared time becomes an exam factory with heritage buildings. Otago does not need more branding about community. It needs to schedule community into existence.

One protected hour. Every weekday if possible. One day a week at minimum. No lectures. No labs. No tutorials. No administrative theft. No pretend availability. Just campus. All of it. Released into itself.

Because Otago was never only the place where people went to class. Otago was the place where people found each other between classes. And if the university wants its soul back, it should begin at noon.

- Observations of an alum

The News

ISSUE 15 KAWEPŪRONGO 20/07/2026



Critic Chit-Chats with Chippy

Labour Leader talks houses, hope and "horrific" Gender Bill

By Gryffin Blockley and Hanna Varrs

Editor & News Editor // news@critic.co.nz

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about Leader Chris Hipkins (the Chris nicknamed Chippy, not the other one), braved a Dunedin winter's day to come down to campus for Re:Ori's Clubs Day. Critic Te Ārohi managed to snag a spot in the former Prime Minister's packed schedule to talk about some of the key issues that are facing students. Here are some of Labour's plans as campaigning gears up for the November 7th election.

Not letting Chris get too comfortable on the Critic couch, the interview kicked off by addressing the rise of the minor parties. Seen locally, as well as in Australia and the UK, many voters are getting fed up with the major establishment parties – increasingly putting their votes towards the smaller players. In Aotearoa, we've seen a rise in support of the Green Party, ACT, NZ First and The Opportunity Party in the polls. With all of those options, what is the real benefit in saving your party vote for a large party like Labour? "When you vote for one of the bigger parties, you know what you're voting for," Chris explained. Big parties have been around the block, but Chris reckoned that smaller players can "often change their positions", and that it's not always "clear what they're going to achieve in government."

Speaking to what he thinks the reasoning behind betting on the political underdogs is, Chris put it down to a sense of frustration with the system and disillusionment with politics that voters are feeling. "The economy's not working for a large number of people, and therefore they're feeling disillusioned with politics. They're feeling disillusioned with anything that's established, and so they're looking at more anti-establishment options. I hope as we get towards the election and as people start to think seriously about how they're gonna vote, that we can win many of those voters back."

Moving to the issues that will help you make your decision in the voting booth, it wouldn't be an interview with a politician without mentioning the brain drain to Australia. Chris mentioned that in his uni days, people who went overseas always had plans to return to New Zealand after a few years. However, the shift towards record numbers of migration to Australia over the past few years has been something that has been stressing our former PM out. "That's something that we should all be worried about," he emphasises. To Chris, it's a departure of our next generation of workers, ideas and talent that will be lost unless we create "more reasons to keep them here in New Zealand."

Heading into the election, Labour has adopted the slogan "Jobs, Health, Homes" to clearly lay out their priorities. "Those are the foundations for people to be able to have a good life," Chris explained. Acknowledging that many people (often students) are renting, he wants tenants to know that their rental is "secure, that it's affordable, and that it's actually a quality rental". This includes insulation, heating and being "properly looked after by your landlord". Chippy also took the chance to plug Labour's past track record in Government, citing the increased standards that Labour imposed on landlords in terms of insulation. "Thinking about students here in Dunedin, we know that the houses that students were renting are some of the worst insulated, worst maintained houses in the country!" Otago on top?

Aside from renters, Labour is keen to increase the amount of available housing to meet demand and hopefully decrease prices. "We do need more houses, so we need to build more houses to cope with the fact that our population has increased significantly in recent times." For Labour, this means changing the way we think about housing development – such as going "up, rather than out". That's something that will grow alongside the "added advantage" of scaled public transport.

Speaking of buying houses, we were keen to chat KiwiSaver with the potential Kiwi Saviour (LOL). Chippy was quick to voice his disagreement with the National Party's recently-announced campaign policy – increasing the minimum contribution rate from 3 to 6% and making the scheme mandatory if re-elected. Chris said that for a lot of Kiwis, it's not that they don't want to be in KiwiSaver. "They just can't afford it," he says. For a lot of young people that will benefit the most from saving early, 3% of their wages each week is something they'd rather take now to deal with the costs of living than save it for later. "Making it compulsory doesn't make it any more affordable to be part of KiwiSaver," Chris argued. Instead, Chris seems keen to look at other options to increase KiwiSaver participation. Our friends over in Australia have recently increased their Superannuation Guarantee rate to 12%, meaning employers must contribute a minimum of 12% of an employee's Qualifying Earnings to their super. In Aotearoa, the compulsory employer's contribution to an employee's KiwiSaver is 3.5%.

Next, Chris touched on a few recent controversial legislation changes from the current National-led Government.

The NZ-First backed Legislation (Definitions of Woman and Man) Bill was labelled "horrific" by Chippy. "I see no value in that whatsoever. It's just designed to provoke a very divisive debate." Additionally, he didn't seem to have much time for the Conservation Amendment Bill, a proposed law change that would open up conservation land for sale and commercial use. The Bill has since been scrapped after fierce opposition. "We've been really clear that's just not gonna happen," Chris said. "And, you know, had they gone ahead with that law change, we would've repealed it." He emphasised the importance of conservation to New

Zealand, and that putting a commercial imperative into anything the Department of Conservation does would be "totally and utterly the wrong way" of approaching conservation land management. When asked about the Fast-Track Approvals Act, one of the most controversial laws passed by the current Government, Chris said Labour was prepared to look at fast tracked projects on a "case-by-case basis." He pointed to "controversial" mining applications as an example of things that should be excluded from fast-track approval and undergo a full consent process, namely for their "significant environmental impacts."

Critic also asked about the rise of big tech, something that has begun to be felt in Aotearoa with the recent proposal of Datagrid setting up shop in Invercargill. How can New Zealand balance staying ahead of the tech trends while making sure international tech firms benefit us locally? "The idea that the big tech companies are redirecting all of their New Zealand based revenue through offshore tax havens in order to not pay tax on it is something that we should be concerned about," Chris admitted. He did mention it wasn't just big tech companies doing this though – stressing the need for a "multinational conversation" about tax laws. According to Chris, one of the more pressing issues in this area is that some countries "really reward" that cheeky tax behaviour, which "undermines the work of the countries who are trying to clamp down on it." To make sure that we're a part of that multi-national conversation regarding tech and local benefits, it'll be a matter of working with "like-minded" countries.

To round off the interview, Critic asked about how to keep a bit of hope and optimism going in the current political climate. "If I could go back and speak to myself as a university student, my main message would be just chill out a little bit," he said. Being involved in politics since he was a student (he was President of the Victoria University Students Association for a couple of years in the 2000s), he knows there's a lot to worry about. In saying that, "you've always gotta remember there's only so much of the world that you actually have an influence over." Acknowledging that the world can be a "pretty grim place", Chris assures that "obsessing about it's not gonna change that", no matter how hard you try. "So focus on the bit that you can change." For Chris, this hope comes from grassroots and community level initiatives. Reflecting on years of campaigning for Labour all around the motu, one of his favourite things is seeing people at that level doing "amazing things and changing lives".

As the interview drew to a close, Chris had settled comfortably into the Critic couch, and was sent on his way with a Critic and Radio One #swag bag (a bit of self-promo never hurts). With politicians like Chris criss-crossing the country to give their pitch to voters, it's time to start thinking about who will get your two votes on the 7th of November. ★



Photography by Kea Photos

Dunedin Thunder Women's Hockey Team Takes On Auckland Steel

Expect thunder on the forecast this weekend!

By Molly Smith-Soppet
Culture Editor // culture@critic.co.nz



This weekend, the Dunedin Women's Thunder take on league leaders Auckland Steel in the semi-finals of the New Zealand Women's Ice Hockey League (NZWIHL) season. This will be the last chance for Dunedinites to catch the team at home this year, and if Thunder players Caitlin and Manuella are to be believed, spectators can expect speed, chaos, and maybe even a punch or two.

Critic Te Ārohi sat down with these two first-year students, who, despite spending most weekends launching themselves around a pad of ice with knives strapped to their feet, were about as far from icy as possible. Within 30 minutes of meeting them, the conversation had bounced between figure skating, North Korea, hockey romance novels, and punching people.

For all you newbies to the ice, hockey is surprisingly simple. One team tries to put the puck in the net. The other team tries to stop them. The difficult part is doing that while skating ridiculously fast. Players are generally only on the ice for around a minute at a time, which means there is no shortage of action.

Caitlin and Manuella, both hailing from Queenstown, didn't exactly arrive in Dunedin unknown. Earlier this year, both represented New Zealand with the Ice Fernz at the Women's World Championships in Hong Kong. Caitlin is already in her third season of competing at this national level, having previously competed at the 2024 World Championship in Istanbul, where New Zealand faced off against North Korea. Manuella earned her first senior selection this year after ageing

out of the under-18 programme. Not bad for two freshers. These sporting CVs sit alongside degrees in Geography and Global Studies for Caitlin, and Law and Commerce for Manuella.

Their hockey career started in a much less intimidating setting. Both began as figure skaters before eventually swapping the pirouettes for penalties. "I was not a fan of performing by myself in a fucking dress," Caitlin told Critic. "I was like, wait, hockey's actually way cooler." For Manuella, the appeal was a little more fiery. "I've always loved contact sports," she explained. "I did jujitsu and touch rugby and all that when I was little, so I was like, 'Perfect. This is awesome. I just get so aggressive and angry.'"

The Thunder currently sit second on the NZWIHL standings and remain determined for a medal. Standing in their way are the Auckland Steel, who currently top the NZWIHL ladder and have developed a taste for winning. "They just win everything, and it's so annoying," Caitlin said. "It would be so good to beat them," Manuella added. "We're definitely the underdogs, but anything can happen," Caitlin said. When asked to describe a Thunder game in three words, she did not hesitate: "Fast. Fun. Fierce." Respect on the media training – where can we get some?

Despite the sport's growing popularity, plenty of students don't even know there's an ice rink in Dunedin. Well, now is your chance to check it out: the Dunedin Women's Thunder take on the Auckland Steel at the Dunedin Ice Stadium on Saturday July 25 at 6:00pm and Sunday July 26 3:45pm. Student tickets cost \$10. Follow @dunedinwhky for more information. The forecast may be cold, but the Thunder are hoping to bring the heat. ★



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Local property managers in North Dunedin have begun rebranding black mould as a “heritage feature”, with one manager stating that “black mould is just such an ugly term for a local treasure”. The change follows an increase in complaints from students expecting rental properties to meet what landlords describe as “unrealistically modern standards”, such as not being able to see your breath inside.

New TradeMe listings have already begun swapping phrases like “sunny villa” and “all whiteware included” for descriptions of “authentic Edwardian moisture detailing with original fungal textures” and “heritage dampness preserved in its original condition.” Another listing proudly advertised “a naturally occurring ecosystem, perfect for environmentally conscious tenants.”

Property Manager Wayne Kerr defended this new marketing, stating that “it’s not the landlord’s job to maintain the property.” He added that mould was essentially “living wallpaper”, and therefore counted as a decorative feature rather than a maintenance issue. “Dunedin is known for its heritage buildings across New Zealand,” he continued. “Embracing the unique features of our old houses is a real testament to embracing the history of our cold, but mighty city”.

According to Critical Tribune’s investigation of recent listings, flats advertised as “warm” contained exactly one patch of sunlight between 2:17 and 2:34 pm in late February. Listings advertising “excellent ventilation” were found to simply have cracks in the windows. Yet record numbers of Dunedinites are flocking to open homes and flat viewings, to see these heritage features in the flesh. In particular, extra interest has been seen from botany and microbiology students, who are “ideal stewards for the mould”, according to Kerr.

Students admitted they have begun lowering their expectations. “I viewed one place where the mushrooms weren’t growing anymore,” one excited second year said, “and it’s only \$280 per week! What a steal.” Another student reported celebrating after discovering their bathroom had 3 separate mould species, adding that, “the property manager said this showed biodiversity, and I’m pretty sure that’s, like, super important.”

TradeMe has reportedly started trialling new search filters such as ‘visible structural timber’, ‘heritage moisture’, and ‘only minor respiratory consequences’. Landlords have welcomed the changes, with one expressing praise for the “greater transparency”. Another landlord explained to Critical Tribune that “properties are now easier to match to prospective tenants”, thanks to these filters. “With students these days, it’s hard to please everyone – some people don’t mind mould, but can’t do single glazing.” Now there’s the chance to choose which living conditions you want to be subjected to.

Otago University has also announced plans to incorporate mould literacy into Orientation Week after first years repeatedly mistook black mould for an “exposed brick feature.” The new paper, FLAT111: Living With Character, will teach students how to differentiate between decorative dampness and an immediate health concern.

As flat hunting season begins to gear up, the recent embrace of Dunedin’s old houses means heritage character will be front of mind for ‘the youthful students’. Would you rather live with mushrooms on the floor, or gaps in your walls? Get in touch with Critical Tribune to share your thoughts on the changes to the rental market in 2026. ★

By Sarah Alias

Landlords Advertise Mould As “Heritage Feature”



By Harry Almey

Startup Dunedin runs a yearly Student Pitch Competition, where students with a growing start-up or side hustle can win up to \$5000 for their mahi. As we look forward to this year’s Student Pitch Competition, Critic Te Ārohi decided to check in on the progress of last year’s co-champion, Sewlutions Studio by Sanda.

SEWLUTIONS STUDIO BY

SANDA

Yasomali Sandaruwani moved to Dunedin in May 2024, after a 14-year fashion career in Sri Lanka, where she worked with powerhouse brands such as Patagonia, Nike, and Calvin Klein. Sanda has two children, and moving here, she noticed a crucial gap in the market: children grow fast, and replacement clothing in New Zealand is expensive. Sanda’s solution – adjustable childrenswear. And so Sewlutions was born.

With her experience in the apparel industry, Sanda is “enthusiastic about the possibility of relocating and applying [her] expertise in this market”, and has already brought her concept to life. Last year, she developed a clothing collection called ‘Built to Grow, Made to Last’. It was a playful, colourful collection of childrenswear, with sections able to be adjusted through zips and buttons. With this product, Sanda graduated with her Master’s in Fashion at Otago Polytechnic, and nabbed two cash prizes at the Student Pitch competition, one of which for Sewlutions being named ‘Best Emerging Startup.’ Clearly, there was a future to be had in adaptive childrenswear.

Sanda told Critic she had a philosophy: “Slow and steady wins the race.” After she graduated, she was granted post-study work visas for a further 3 years, and is determined to squeeze this time for all its worth. She has released a new logo and Facebook page for her registered business, and is “actively working on establishing a social media presence and a pop-up store”, so keep an eye out for that. All the while, she hones her craft working on the SuperGrans sewing team, and in a “renowned fashion retailer.”

Despite other offers, Sanda was pleased with her choice to study at Otago Polytechnic, citing the Polytechnic’s focus on sustainability as an important draw. Sustainability sits at the heart of her mahi, past and present. Already she has been impressed with children’s clothing, but her “aim is to offer a comprehensive range of sustainable solutions.” Through research, she has identified further market gaps she hopes to squeeze into. These include adjustable breastfeeding tops, waist-adjusting tops for those experiencing weight fluctuations, and magnetic strips for elderly people who struggle with buttons.

Sanda also appreciated the “affordability” of the Polytech, as well as the shorter programme duration of only 12 months, and its “esteemed reputation within the fashion industry”. And, as a student whose native language is not English, Sanda said that the “exceptional and personalised support” from her supervisors was instrumental to her studies.

Sanda reminded us that when we finally manage to graduate from Otago, we won’t automatically reach the summit of the job market. Instead, we’ll have another imposing mountain to climb. But with all things: study, work, and ambition – it’s a marathon, not a sprint. Sewlutions might still be in the pipeline, but it is unmistakably still progressing, and Yasomali Sandaruwani is eager to continue to “explore opportunities within the fashion industry in New Zealand”. Watch this space – there’s more to fashion in Ōtepoti than meets the eye. ★

Photography: Millie Kappely, Geethika



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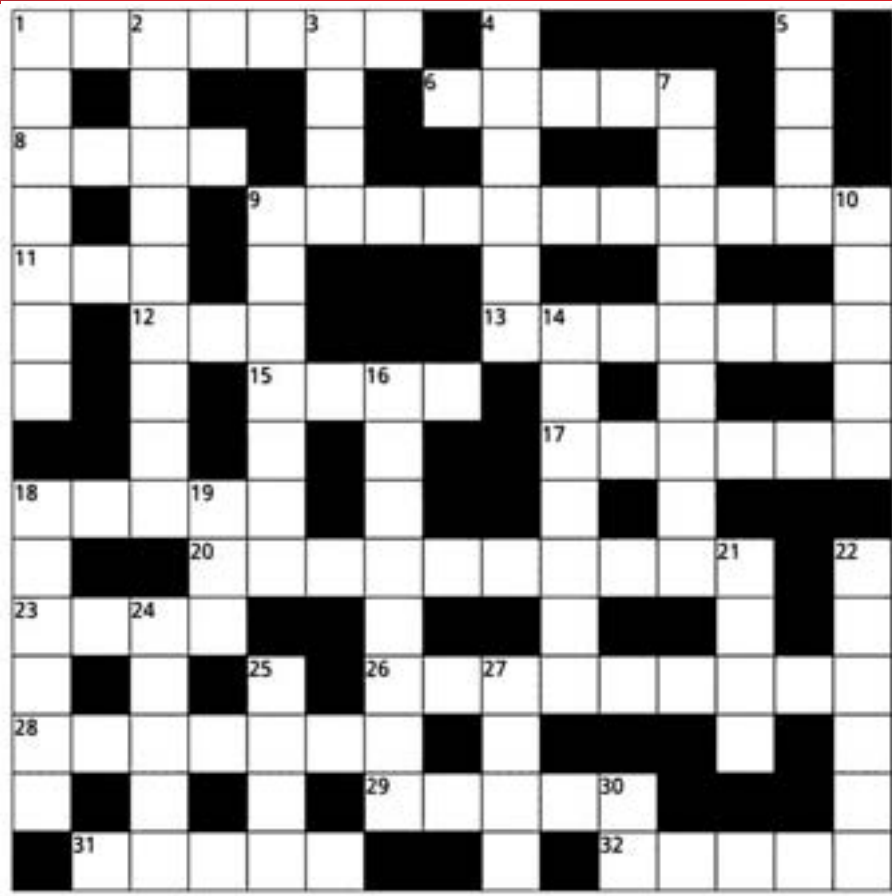
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- 7 Flower of the gods, commonly called
- 9 Better than Vegemite
- 10 A rude word for a weak man
- 14 My flatmate sells this Class B drug
- 16 The smell of my Grandma's bathroom
- 18 New Zealand's stupidest bird
- 19 Food fad from the Philippines
- 21 The fingers of the feet
- 22 The thing that holds my drink
- 24 Grass wrapped in foil
- 25 There's a lot in the shower drain
- 27 A tiny bar in NEV
- 30 How Jesse Pinkman says hello



Find crossword answers on critic.co.nz

SUDOKU

www.sudokuoftheday.com

	1		6	8				9
		8		7	5	3	6	
	7	3						8
1		4			7			2
3		6				9		7
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EASY

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			8	1		5		
		8				9		
		9		7	2			
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	2				6			
8	9						4	

MEDIUM

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1	5	4						

HARD

WORD FIND

A L Q Q T P D O J N S X F N S P K A Z O E W H B H
L G J J K S N J B D V J J I H A Z W D V Q Z S O X
W W N D F P M D E G G I L Q C H S Q K J Y U J O F
H X I Y F Z J W O V L U H E I F S Y D E M E L B R
I W G N S P X W Y K O K L A I M F D P Z V E Z S S
P F N A A G Y A S J R L T Z I D I Z C O S M Q C C
K R N M O R G Q H Q B D F E B A S V C X U K M B W
I Q N I H E D S K V I D F W C N H U N O J U N O D
N I W T G M Q W G B N C D I B R E A K F A S T B P
S W G E C I Y Q C P Z T G N Y F F O E P L J R O C
D N A K W L M I H K O Y K T P T M V O E K G P J F
F I H K X I W W I Y R G F E Z Y L Z H O U X A V N
W S L B G N K I L D B D D R L M S H W L T M I D B
Y O T S B S U A L N C C F R I E N D S W H O P D Q
Q G A O V R I K C H I P S O J X Y D C D H V S D N
M V V U M M D B B X E T I X K A C H O W G Z W V L
L K C P X T I T F W O E Q G T E L E G J U N R S Z
W Q C T M Z N N K P L F G A A V U N I L K B E H T
P O W A W B G H H W D O O M S C R O L L I N G T V
A D N S G U U K L A N R V H W O X S I M P S O N S
U C B T Z C S S V M V X X Q Z B B Q S N M L M R U
L H R I Z Z L Z Q G T H U X O T W I L I G H T M A
G N S C J Q G S A B I E T A Q T X V R M Y C J Q B
U B G B G N O L O R U H U M O N G O U S W G U D I
H M O L L Y C J U I I F C P G B H S O X H D G O H

FIND THESE WORDS:

WINTER
SOUPTASTIC
HIPKINS
TWILIGHT
UNOJUNO
FRIENDS
CHILL
DYNAMITE
DINGUS
FISH
CHIPS
SIMPSONS
GLORBINZORB
MOLLY
DOOMSCROLLING
GREMILINS
BOOBS
BREAKFAST
KACHOW
HUMONGOUS

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

There are 10 differences between the two images

Illustrated by Jimmy Tannock



THE SOCIAL POLITICS OF VAPING

By **Bella Bates**

TO SHARE OR NOT TO SHARE... I VAPE THEREFORE I AM?

Few objects in student culture possess the same social utility as the vape. Simultaneously a nicotine delivery device, conversation starter, social bargaining chip, flirtation mechanism, and communal ritual, the vape has quietly become one of the defining artefacts of contemporary youth interaction. While vapers run the daily risk of popcorn lung, empty bank accounts and profound parental disappointment, it cannot go without saying that vapes perform a special role in Scarfie culture. In an era defined by social anxiety, lingering post-pandemic awkwardness, and the death of spontaneous interaction, the vape has become the most unlikely bridge between strangers.

THE VAPE HAS A SOCIAL CURRENCY

Owning a vape can instantly make you socially relevant at any flat party. Serial vapers enjoying a hoon will often find people they've never spoken to materialising out of thin air to ask, "Can I hit your vape?" They emerge from the shadows like nicotine-starved vampires, drawn to the faint flow of mango ice.

For a few crucial seconds, the person with the vape controls the social interaction. It's the modern equivalent of being the person who carried a lighter in previous generations. Those few seconds can be the difference between securing a party to drink at next Friday, or spending the night alone in bed with your Womanizer Pro Rechargeable (not a bad outcome either, to be fair).

The time spent outside vaping creates the perfect environment for forced small talk that somehow escalates into finding common ground, drunken confessions, and unpacking your character flaws. Before long, you've acquired a new person to exchange blank forehead snaps with six times a day.

Of course, there's always the risk that some people will become known primarily as the designated vape supplier. These vulnerable Juul owners may find themselves valued less for their personality, and more so for their ability to provide a Mint Solo on demand.



"CAN I HIT YOUR VAPE?" RELATIONSHIP SCALE

ACQUAINTANCE: Politely asks.

FRIEND: Already reaching for it.

BEST FRIEND:

Takes it from your hoodie pocket without making eye contact.

SITUATIONSHIP:

Sharing a vape is somehow more intimate than holding hands.

INTIMACY AND GERM THEORY COLLAPSE

Vapers appear to suffer from immediate amnesia regarding every post-pandemic hygiene habit the second a vape enters the room.

It usually starts innocently enough – a flatmate passes it around, and everyone operates under the unspoken assumption that nobody's secretly incubating meningitis or herpes. But once alcohol enters the equation, the net is cast wider. Before long, your vape carried out more social networking than you have – making its way through friends, friends of friends, and people whose names you'll never learn but whose saliva you'll apparently share.

Let's be honest: getting drunk absolutely annihilates our standards of personal hygiene. A sober student wouldn't dare let their skin touch a club toilet seat under any circumstances, opting for the classic hovering squat. Fast forward four vodka Red Bulls and that same person is happily perched on the piss-soaked floor, violently refunding the \$11 bottle of wine they demolished at pre-drinks.

Against that backdrop, communal vaping hardly seems shocking. Even the self-proclaimed germaphobes abandon their principles, performing the obligatory "wipe it on shirt" ritual – a gesture that provides roughly that same level of sanitation as thoughts and prayers.

THE ECONOMICS OF "JUST ONE HIT"

There is a distinct, unwritten economy that governs social vaping, anchored entirely by the illusion of "just one hit." Nobody ever actually asks for a single puff. Instead, friends who swore six months ago that they were buying their own device today are still happily running a full-blown nicotine welfare system off of yours.

It's a quiet, one-sided transaction. The vape owner watches helplessly as the battery drains, the juice level disappears, and an entire social circle develops collective ownership over a product they did not purchase. Eventually the device is handed back. The owner takes a well-earned draw and is rewarded with a mouthful of dry, metallic burn – a clear sign the tank was sucked empty approximately three hits ago. A real tragedy of the commons.

What starts as a simple favor quickly becomes a micro-tax on your wallet, proving that in the social vape ecosystem, generosity is rewarded with a ruined coil and a dead device.

THE SOVEREIGN STATE OF THE VAPE

Ultimately, every social circle that shares a vape inadvertently operates as its own fragile micro-economy.

You have the long-suffering owners holding all the assets, the perpetual leechers running a full-blown welfare state off them, and the absolute legends who keep the whole system from collapsing by always carrying a spare USB-C charger. It's an exhausting arrangement that permanently teeters on the edge of economic disaster. The second the battery flashes red, the entire system risks collapse. Borders close, diplomatic relations deteriorate, and people are on Google maps seeing how long the walk is to Night 'N Day.

However, despite the burnt coils, stolen juice, and forgoing basic hygiene, vapes remain the undisputed glue of student life. It's a piece of plastic that's almost guaranteed to give us all cancer down the line, sure. But it's also the ultimate excuse to drag strangers out of the shadows, turn drunken banter into lifelong friendships, and warm up an uninsulated North Dunedin shitbox.

For a generation that often struggles to connect, that's a surprisingly powerful thing for something that tastes like blue raspberry and battery acid. ★



Illustrated by **Eddie Fenton**

THE OFFICIAL MORAL ALIGNMENT CHART OF CAMPUS DOORS

By **Harry Almey**
Illustrated by **Eleanor Walker**

The University of Otago is a strange and confusing place. Open a sciency door in Mellor Labs and somehow find yourself in a History lecture. A BCommer opens a glass door in the Business School, and a Theatre Studies class turns around. University is little more than staggering from strange doors to weird doors.

Fortunately, there already exists a framework for judging moral character: the Dungeons & Dragons Alignment Chart. Christians have the Ten Commandments. D&D players have a nine-square diagram. One of these groups has significantly more experience leaving the house.

Using this sacred taxonomy, I have traversed the campus in search of exemplars of every moral alignment. Critics have asked about my methodology. They have since been turned into doors themselves.



Lawful Good

GEOLOGY BUILDING FRONT DOORS

Aristotle once said that "Law is order, and good law is good order." But who cares what the old bum had to say? That's what I used to think, at least. Then I met the Geology Building front doors.

The entrance consists of two sets of double doors, yet rarely are both sets open at once – that would be sickly indulgence. Instead, one side remains unlocked or hooked open, creating a gentle dance of giving way and passing through. It has everything: a gorgeous green coat of paint, a silky smooth powered assist, and a perfect flow of egress and ingress. Like all truly lawfully good institutions, it quietly keeps civilization functioning while asking for nothing in return. We never notice the invisible hand keeping us on the straight and narrow, away from the craggy rocks of disorder. Nope, not talking about almighty God. Talking about a door.

Neutral Good

STAFF CLUB ENTRANCE

Wizened, oaken, and classy. This is the kindly old man of campus doors.

While anyone can dine in the Staff Club, it'll make you feel out of place. The experience begins with the entrance: an imposing door that suggests students are moments away from being politely ejected by a muscly butler. Instead, it's automatic.

The Staff Club Entrance isn't snobby and elitist. Its imposing exterior simply ensures that only students willing to risk mild embarrassment enter. Admiring the chutzpah, the Staff Club is then very happy to say 'Come in, old chum', no matter who you are.

Chaotic Good

ZOOLOGY DEPARTMENT FRONT DOOR

Behind an imposing old oaken door opposite the School of Physiotherapy lies an interior that completely ignores the exterior. Stepping into the surprisingly modern interior, I was immediately smashed on the nose by a sweet scent — surely a floral delight straight out of the Botanical Gardens.

I accepted the call of the wild. Following the hallway brought me to a common room and a whiteboard ornate with extraordinary artistry: a muscly penguin with a box of Speights, a whale, a snake, and three fish in a trench coat – the head one smoking thoughtfully. That front door led me here, to this chaotic goodness.



Lawful Neutral

SAINT DAVID COMPLEX BATHROOM DOORS

The Saint David Complex is one of the most chaotic buildings in the University of Otago. But the architect gods of Otago, to whom we soil ourselves in reverence, added an extra ingredient to the concoction. Law-fearing doors. Law-fearing as a verb though, not an adjective. These doors will make you fear their law.

I speak, of course, of the bathroom doors in the St Dave Complex next to Campus Watch HQ. Anyone in desperate need for a leak will be met with an unflinching, uncaring, immovable doors. Once you've finished what Sisyphus couldn't, you'll have sweet relief. Wrong! There's a second, equally formidable door. There is a lawfully neutral simplicity here: this is how it is, fuck you.

At Critic Te Ārohi, we love our charmingly boneheaded doors like we like our men — capable of thought, but abstinent.

True Neutral

CENTRAL LIBRARY DOORS

These doors are a universal experience for university students. The everyman's door. True neutral, mayhaps.

These doors genuinely don't give a fuck. Much like a lollybag at the dairy, they look like the work of a maniac. Unlike a lollybag, they are boring and probably cost more than \$2 to acquire. The museum-side doors are difficult to open whenever the moon enters its ascendant phase. There is a delicate social dance to using the button-opened exits. The Union entrance requires roughly five whole months of weight training before use.

There is something of each moral quadrant present: order, silly stuff, and the evil bathroom doors specifically designed to one day cause a near-fatal collision. You name it – Central has it.

Chaotic Neutral

THE DOORS OF ALLEN HALL THEATRE

This veritable castle is the Jack Sparrow of doors. Sexy and mysterious — all while staggering around like a drunken sailor.

Whoever designed Allen Hall Theatre clearly possessed a mercenary free spirit, and drank many free spirits. In a giant trench beside it sits an unlabelled door leading to a subterranean computer room underneath the theatre. Turn left, and you're in the theatre. Turn right and, a few doors later, you're either in a library with no books, or a seminar room with books.

Ten detectives with powerful detective-issue binoculars couldn't count all the doors here. Allen Hall has earned its rights to be weird.



Lawful Evil

LAW LIBRARY STAIRCASE DOORS

Roald Dahl famously wrote that a person who has good thoughts cannot ever be ugly. I look at the oppressive Brutalist structure known as the Richardson, and know that both evil thoughts and evil doors lurk beyond.

The real entry to the Law Library is a rather inconspicuous stairwell door on the 8th-floor. This door has cleverly limited access, knowing no-one but the law cohort elite will either ask reception for directions or read the tiny map on the entry door.

Law students should spare a grateful thought for the tyranny of their doors, which deliver the necessary peace, quiet, and shame to all those who dare wander to find the Law Library.

Neutral Evil

BURNS BUILDING ELEVATOR LIFT DOORS

Picture this: you want to reach the third floor. You see the elevator about to close, but there's a chance to make it! You miss it. That's a good thing.

Some malicious spirit just made those doors slam shut in a manner reminiscent of a machine labelled the Lose-Your-Arm 5000. There is a lazy amorality to the way these doors can "randomly" clang when they open and shut. The lazy amorality of a contract killer, methinks. Boom, neutral evil.

These doors don't just ferry people up and down. No, they have another job – a hit job. Inside, you'll find a notice explaining that the lift doesn't need to display proof of inspection and the most fiercely contested noticeboard on campus. Hopefully no-one will contract this door-for-hire.

Chaotic Evil

UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO COLLEGE OF EDUCATION MEN'S BATHROOM

Abandon all hope ye who enter here. There is something spiritually fucked up about this bathroom, and morally deranged about the door for not warning people.

You'll be working on one of the most important tests of your life. You'll nip off to the loo, lulled into a false sense of security by the normal changing room outside. You'll open the bathroom door. You'll die an immediate death by piss scent inhalation. This tale of woe, is a tale of me.

Maybe I've not had enough thrilling life experiences yet, but this eye-watering, putrid gas smells even more vile than the real thing. Some doors just want to watch the world burn. For now, your nostrils will do. ★





I'll Always
Love You



By Critic Staff

In a world where everything feels pretty fucked – from the political climate to the actual climate– we figured it was time to return to something comforting: fish and chips. For the 25th year running, Critic Te Ārohi has undertaken the sacred duty of eating our way around Dunedin's takeaway shops so you don't have to waste your hard earnt student loan on subpar kai.

We've put the reviews in order from closest to Central Library to furthest away, because geography is important and we eventually ran out of petrol money. To keep things fair, every review is based on a standard order of one scoop of chips and one fillet of the shop's house fish, or the cheapest fillet. Each shop received a score out of 10 for Fish, Chips, and Overall Experience – a broad and highly scientific category encompassing value for money, portion size, wait times, customer service, ease of takeaway consumption, and most crucially: seagull-related hazards.

Here is your 25th annual fish and chips review.

THE REVIEWS

FLYING SQUID — 0.26 km

Fuck, we love this place! It's hard not to be biased when certificates showing that the Flying Squid took home the grand titles of best chippy from Critic a few times in the early 2000s are still pasted behind the counter. So cute! But in all seriousness, this place rocks. We placed our order on the phone, and the lady who picked up was an absolute doll. The vibes inside the shop are cosy, and everything looks clean and tidy. With the close proximity to uni, you could sit on campus, or park up inside or just outside the shop with only a moderate threat of seagull action. We were offered the choice of crinkle or shoestring cut fries, and somehow walked out with straight cut, which is the only reason for the single point being docked. These chips were beautiful – fluffy, crispy, and perfectly salty. We were so impressed that we didn't even mind paying the extra 40c above the industry standard scoop price. The fish was golden, flaky and even had some mystery herbs sprinkled on top which was an incredibly welcomed addition to our five-a-day. It was a little bit fishy tasting, but that could be the whole point. Very solid, very standard fish. The Flying Squid has flown straight into our tummy.

Fish: 8/10 (\$4.00)
Chips: 9/10 (\$4.90)
Overall Experience: 9/10



MEI WAH — 0.85 km

Mei Wah is one of Critic's personal favourite fish and chip spots in Dunters. That's not just because of how conveniently located it is, but also because of how consistently good they are. Not amazing, but reliably never bad – the perfect place to satisfy that fush and chup craving or sort out an easy flat dinner when you're feeling exceptionally lazy and kind of rich. The fish was exactly what you want from a takeaway shop: crisp batter without that oiliness that sticks to the roof of your mouth, a decent sized fillet, and no overly fishy taste. They didn't tell Critic what kind it was, and we didn't ask because we refuse to believe there's any real difference in taste between Tarakihi, Cod or whatever else they're called. Plenty of fish in the sea, in any case. The chips were the real strength, with the perfect golden shade, an ideal amount of salt, and a nice mix of crispy and soggy for those pesky differences in preference. One scoop comfortably fed two of us and still left leftover fries in the paper afterwards. Ordering ahead from the Science Library meant our food was ready by the time we arrived, and the staff were lovely as always. The only real downside was that the fries go cold unreasonably fast, which might have something to do with declining quality in newspapers – specifically the ODT. Fortunately though, the staff at Mei Wah know that wrapping it twice = twice as nice, and saved us from having our dinner stolen by the massive mutant seagulls that feed on Castle Street waste.

Fish: 7/10 (\$4.50)
Chips: 8/10 (\$4.00)
Overall Experience: 8/10



BEST CAFE — 1.1 km

Best Cafe felt less like a takeaway shop, and more like stepping into a little slice of Dunedin history. We'd phoned our order in ahead of time, and while the price sat more on the expensive end of the fish-and-ship spectrum, there was enough charm in the place to soften the blow. At one point, an older bloke wandered in and was greeted by name by the guy behind the counter, which was objectively adorable and suggested a loyal customer base you only build by doing something right. In terms of the food, the fish itself was solid. We opted for the lemon sole, which arrived with an actual lemon wedge – a small touch that felt luxurious after stuffing our faces with endless amounts of fish and chips this week. The fish was flaky, fresh-tasting, and not overly fishy, while the batter was crispy without crossing into dry territory. As good as the fish was though, the chips absolutely stole the show. Hand cut and cooked in beef dripping, they were crispy, golden, and packed with the kind of flavour that had me munching on them before I had arrived at my eating destination. If there was a star of the meal, it was undoubtedly the chips. Between the store being somewhere I could imagine my grandparents meeting, delicious fish, and life-changing chips, Best Cafe is a hidden gem.

Fish: 8/10 (\$9.50)
Chips: 9.5/10 (\$6.50)
Overall Experience: 9/10

WILLOW BANK DAIRY — 1.4 km

A short jaunt from campus, tucked under the slopes of Maori Hill, lies Willowbank Dairy. This is a must visit for any horrendously hungover student looking for chicken salted chips and a Powerade. In addition to these mighty fine chippies, they do also sell fish, making them just eligible to go onto the list for review. This is about as far as they should go though, with mediocre fish, but at least the bird who seems to occupy an outcrop (that doubles as a bathroom, based on the amount of birdshit



on the walls) near the doorway seems to be OK with friends, which you likely will be, given the wait times. We were standing around for like 20 minutes, which was pretty shocking given the lack of anyone else ordering anything fish related for the duration of our time in the store. The “scoop” of chips was okay (the regular size carton) and the lemon-peppery chicken salt was certainly worth noting, as was the crunch from them sitting in the bain-marie for probably some time. However, the fish itself tasted as though it were tuna paper-machèd together to resemble a fillet. This was a rather disappointing outcome, and we wouldn’t even consider feeding it to that bird outside.

Fish: 3/10 (\$5.00)
Chips: 9/10 (\$6.50)
Overall Experience: 5/10

BOTANICAL TAKEAWAYS — 1.7 km

With a name like that, we were picturing a thousand blossoms blooming, sunshine, and rainbows. However, this was not the case – despite its proximity to the Botans, Botanical Takeaways failed to put a smile on our dial. We can’t lie, this feed was pretty bad. The chips lacked any X-Factor – a bit floury, and with no variation between each chippie. Usually you get some firm ones, some squishy ones, some super long ones and some crispy ones, but these were all just dry ones. Where’s the fun in that? Additionally, the fish was straight up uninspiring. It was pale, thin and a bit slimy – just like your weird cousin. To give the BT team the benefit of the doubt, we might’ve just come on a bad night. Google Reviews show that the shop has a rating of 4.9 stars, so either we’re tripping or NEV residents have far poorer taste than we initially suspected. Although nobody asked, we also got a chicken burger. Do not do that! It was a slimy piece of chicken in there (no batter?) plus some beetroot and pity lettuce. In terms of the positives, the meal was double wrapped with your classic plain paper, and the staff were super friendly. Plus, being near the Botans means a picnic is only a hop, skip and a jump away.

Fish: 6/10 (\$4.50)
Chips: 5/10 (\$4.00)
Overall Experience: 5/10

GREAT WALL — 1.7 km

Fish and chips is an art form, a lifestyle, an addiction, and while Great Wall takeaways will certainly satiate your greasy cravings, it may also leave you nauseous and sweating in a state of post-grease clarity. Located on the other side of the Octagon (good luck braving this hellscape in the light of day) and next door to Peaches & Cream, the shop gives off a similarly sexual atmosphere that’s certainly hard to resist. The menu is long, the lights are blinding, the people are welcoming and the wait was minimal – like a strip club! While the fish was somewhat mushy and the batter almost cakelike (at one point leaving us questioning its oceanic origins), it fulfilled its purpose in prepping our palettes for the star of the show: the chips. Wow. They were warm, salty, with a good ratio of long to stubby, soggy to crispy –everything you could possibly want with \$4.50. Overall, solid experience, and a special shout out to the deep fried moro bar – be seeing you in our dreams ;3

Fish: 4/10 (\$4.50)
Chips: 8/10 (\$4.50)
Overall Experience: 6.7/10

MĀORI HILL TAKEAWAYS — 2.4 km

Māori Hill Takeaways is the kind of place you probably won’t seek out for a quick study break or a spontaneous beach trip, but if you’re in the area it makes a strong case for itself. The fish was the standout, arriving with a batter that struck an ideal balance between crispy and oily. The fish also gained respect for the terrability of the fillet itself, enabling some good old fashioned hand to mouth action – as fish and chips should be consumed. The chips had us stumped, as the first one was way too salty, but the rest of the scoop was great. The colour of everything was good and they had a great crunch going, and the portions on both the fish and chips were also really solid. With this shop being our furthest from the beach, the experience was pulled up by the vibes of the shop itself, which has a great extensive menu, good seating options and the most darling neon sign. Māori Hill Takeaways seems worth the mission up the hill. Probably only if you’re driving, though.

Fish: 9/10 (\$4.00)
Chips: 8/10 (\$4.00)
Overall Experience: 8.5/10

NEV TAKEAWAYS — 2.6 km

As the name suggests, this establishment is nestled in the heart of North East Valley (NEV, for those living under a rock) – a bastion of warm (and oily) relief on the frigid pavement of North Road. Our expectations were high: hungry and cold, eagerly awaiting a hot feed on a particularly gloomy autumn day. The spot itself is unremarkable but comfortable enough, with decent variety on the menu. Our order of deep fried hoki, chips, and a battered sausage maintained its heat on the short stroll back to the flat, so no faults on the packaging. Unfortunately, our high expectations were not quite met (perhaps a fault of our own). The fish had a satisfyingly salty and crispy outside, but the inside was mildly flavoured, and honestly kinda plain (but not too oily!) The chips were the standouts of this order, they were crispy and honestly more flavourful than the fish. However, the salt proved to be too much – this modest portion of chips left us absolutely parched. We also picked up a battered sausage (greedy), which was unfortunately one of the most flavourless meat cylinders we’ve ever had the displeasure of ingesting, and we were pretty sick of it by the time we were halfway done. Overall, NEV Takeaways will give valley-dwellers a satisfactory feed in the frigid winter, but the abundance of salt on the chips and lack of flavour in the meat department may leave some wanting more.

Fish: 6/10 (\$4.50)
Chips: 7/10 (\$4.00)
Overall Experience: 6/10

THE GOLDEN WOK — 3.4 km

With the price of fuel these days, a drive up to Mornington may as well be driving to a whole different town. Thankfully, The Golden Wok made the journey a thousand percent worth it. The vibes were immaculate and nostalgic, with an interior that likely hasn’t changed since most of us were born. The staff behind the counter were kind and cheerful, cooking everything fresh to order in front of your eyes. Their menu was massive too, and apparently paying \$1 extra to get garlic chips is the down-low local’s secret. The fish and chips were cheap and cheerful, with a decent portion wrapped



in soggy paper, the perfect thing to warm your soul during dreadful Dunedin weather. It certainly felt like a blessing to get a scoop of chips and some fish for under ten bucks in the big ‘26. The fish was not overly greasy and had a nice crisp, but it did taste pretty cheap and flaky. The chips, however, really made the meal. They were thick but still crispy, not dripping in oil and were a nice helping for just one scoop. A large amount of sturdy paper kept the cold at bay for the (long) drive down the hill, meaning your kai will still be steamy if you have to trek it back to North D. A meal from the Golden Wok was enough to teleport yourself away from frosty Mornington to a sunny North Island beach, scoffing down fish and chips with your parents in the height of summer.

Fish: 6/10 (\$4.00)
Chips: 9/10 (\$3.50, or \$4.50 for garlic)
Overall Experience: 8/10



ST KILDA TAKEAWAYS — 4.6 km

Walking into St Kilda Takeaways feels like stepping into a classic neighbourhood chippy. It's compact, unapologetically old-school, and exactly the sort of place you'd expect locals to swear by. Fortunately, the cramped conditions were offset by genuinely speedy service. We barely had time to contemplate adding a hot dog before our order was already being called out. The fish was a highlight of the meal, especially considering it only set us back \$3.50. It was generously sized, making it one of the better value fish we sampled all week. Unfortunately, the batter didn't quite do it justice. It lacked the crisp crunch that separates a good piece of fish from a great one, leaving us wishing it'd spent another minute in the fryer. The chips followed a similar pattern. Some were nicely crisp, while others were limp and soft (a common recipe for disappointment). What really let them down, though, was the complete absence of seasoning. They desperately needed another enthusiastic shake of the salt shaker, and the lingering greasy aftertaste didn't do them any favours either. Despite a fairly average fish-and-chip performance, St Kilda redeemed itself with one unexpected hero: the onion rings. At just 90 cents each, they were outrageously good. Crispy, golden, and dangerously easy to justify ordering "just one more", they completely stole the spotlight from the rest of the meal. While we probably wouldn't make the trip across town purely for the fish and chips, we'd happily stop in again if those onion rings happened to be calling our name.

Fish: 6/10 (\$3.50)
Chips: 4/10 (\$3.50)
Overall Experience: 5/10



TAKEAWAYS ON MARLOW — 4.8 km

Marlow's occupies a very visible place in the Dunedin fish and chip scene – people in our great city care a lot about this delicacy. It is something of a cult classic, and has spent years collecting the praise of Critic reviews, though last year's reviewer, Hugh, came away noticeably less impressed. After our visit, we're somewhere in the middle. The thing about Marlow's is that its reputation has never really been built on fish and chips alone. It wins people over with the burgers, the wider menu, and the overall takeaway experience. In fact, calling it a fish-and-chip shop almost feels misleading – it's a takeaway shop first and foremost, which is helpfully reflected in the name. Unfortunately for them, this is a fish and chip review. The chips were decent: crispy enough, salted well, and generally as enjoyable as carbs and oil can be, but nothing worthy of the pilgrimage across town. The fish was even less convincing. The batter lacked flavour to cut through the overwhelming taste of oil, and the fish itself was dry, which led us to suspect it has spent a little too long in the fryer. It wasn't terrible, just underwhelming, especially considering the reputation attached to this shop. This is one of those places we'd happily return for a burger, but based purely on the fish-and-chip offering, the food doesn't quite live up to the legend.

Fish: 5/10 (\$6.00)
Chips: 6.5/10 (\$4.00)
Overall Experience: 7/10

TAHUNA CAMP SHOP — 5.2 km

Tahuna delivers exactly what you want from a classic fish and chip run: hot food, generous portions, and close proximity to the perfect eating location – the beach! The fish arrived not wrapped in newspaper, but on a wee cardboard tray. This had both pros and cons, with it not absorbing as much oil, but also not doing a great job at retaining heat. Can't have it all, we guess. The fish was potentially more batter than fish, and also leaned toward the oily side – not enough to be a deal breaker, though. It also wasn't a super fishy fish, which in our books, is a plus. The whole meal comes with sauce and salt packets, so if you



have a penchant for sodium we would recommend this spot. The chips were cracker: hot, crispy on the outside, fluffy on the inside, and surprisingly generous considering we lowkey ran out of money and only got a half scoop. The only real hazard of this meal comes from the location itself. Being so close to the beach meant our review was conducted under the watchful gaze of several seagulls who looked more than willing to relieve us of our meals. Between the hefty portion, quality chips, and seemingly endless condiments, this was a thoroughly satisfying feed that was helped heavily by the nostalgia eating fish and chips at the beach provides.

Fish: 6.5/10 (\$4.00)
Chips: 8/10 (\$5.00)
Overall Experience: 8/10

WAVERLEY TAKEAWAYS — 5.5 km

If we're being honest, we had no fucking clue where Waverly was before doing this review, so Apple Maps came in clutch. After a 12 minute commute, we were greeted with friendly service behind the Waverly Takeaways counter. We'd ordered earlier by phone, and received the revered brown paper package after a short wait. The feed was reasonably priced, and the shop had a practical and traditional vibe. In terms of the food, the chips had some crunch, and had been blessed with an extensive salting. It was almost nearing too-salty, but not quite worth being upset about, and the portion size decent rather than generous. Moving toward kaimoana, this was a letdown. The fish was soggy, mushy, and fell apart, making it quite difficult to eat with any dignity. Our overall verdict is mixed: the chips were fine, and service was prompt and with a smile. We're left feeling slightly underwhelmed with that fish, and overall very unsure if it is a treasure worth borrowing your flatmate's car for. However, the quintessential NZ pastime is always set to produce some variety, so next time you're coming back from Portobello, consider swinging by.

Fish: 5/10 (\$4.50)
Chips: 6/10 (\$4.00)
Overall Experience: 6/10

ST CLAIR FISH SUPPLY — 5.6 km

St Clair Fish Supply absolutely did not disappoint. Although out of the way for the average student, this would easily be our first choice to visit on a sunny day spent at the beach. The chips were hot, crispy and extra salty, making for the perfect chip buttie. The fish didn't stand out, but was certainly not disappointing. The batter was crispy: not too thick, and not too oily. We felt like Goldilocks if she ditched the porridge and got some real food. The meat was firm and flaky, with a bit of a chew to it. We think we found Dory, but the truth remains a mystery. There wasn't an overwhelming fishy taste, but if you're picky about your kaimoana, maybe stick to a hot dog. We'd like to give an honourable mention to their onion sausage, which was the best we've ever had – (10/10, \$4.20). It had perfectly crispy batter, a generous amount of onion and was surprisingly juicy – arguably the star of the show. Customer service was quick and friendly. We phoned in 15 minutes in advance, the call lasted less than a minute but no item was forgotten. The food was ready when we arrived, despite them clearly being busy with other orders. After hearing mixed reviews about this shop, we can confidently say that St Clair Fish Supply is a solid purchase and handed over some of the best fish and chips we've had in a long time. We highly recommend this shop for the next (and much anticipated) Dunner Stunner.

Fish: 7/10 (\$4.50)
Chips: 8/10 (\$4.00)
Overall Experience: 9/10

AND THE WINNER IS...

Like the FIFA World Cup, there can only be one winner. We are proud to announce that Best Cafe has lived up to its name with a total score of 26.5 (8 for fish, 9.5 for chips and 9 for overall experience). Just missing the top spot with a total score of 26 is Flying Squid, ranking 8, 9 and 9 respectively. In third place is Māori Hill Takeaways, scoring 9 for fish, 8 for chips and 8.5 for overall experience totaling 25.5. Don't let the trek uphill deter you – the numbers speak for themselves. As a final warning, St Kilda takes last place, scoring a 6, 4, and 5 to total 15. Unless you go there just for the onion rings, we literally recommend any other fish and chip spot in Dunedin (that's in this review – we probably missed heaps). Happy munching! ★

radio one

GIG REVIEW: 4EPs

By now, almost everyone involved with Aotearoa's local music scene will be familiar with 4 EPs—a currently physical-media-only compilation focusing on giving artists control over their own creative output and the ability to get their music heard beyond the boundaries of our own local scene. The two sold-out Dunedin gigs supporting the release – the 3rd of July at Pioneer Hall and then the 4th at the Crown – had these bands showcasing their new music in full force (material already familiar to regular gig-goers).

Pioneer Hall opened with a short acoustic set by Grace Gemmell, a young singer-songwriter, and then kicked off in full force with U-No Juno—right into the jangling lead single from their EP, Skyscrapers—a lighter, poppier version of the band on record than listeners may be used to but no less musically ingenious. A set ranging from alt-tuning 'post-post-post-post-hardcore' to delicate lilting vocals, the band demonstrating their complex songwriting that is just, in general, a lot of fun. Easy to see why they are scene favourites for many.

Next up was Vagina Dry, their name a good indicator of what they are all about—unapologetic and straight-to-the-point riot grrrl, now with a new line up, with lyrics so literal as to be almost brutal to listen to and an energetic but locked-in set. A vocal delivery from guttural screaming right back into sweetly-sardonic singing on topics ranging from misogynist creeps and police violence, to the atrocities in Palestine, let you know exactly where they stand, all presented to an enthusiastic mosh.

Then the blunt-force post-punk of Sivle Talk (everyone is post-post-punk but it takes nerve to just be post-punk) combining densely clever lyrics with a captivating high octane stage presence. This is truly passionate music, presenting you with full force harsh truths about the state of the world over bold guitar parts and barely contained drumming. Not to mention there's something immensely satisfying about a whole crowd shouting 'WHAT THE FUCK?' when faced with the bleak reality of today's political climate.

Closing the show was the blistering waves of teenage noise rock from Sogg—songs about 'five billion fucking ferrets!' delivered in scathing monotone—some of the most inventive guitar playing you'll ever see combined with brutal bass and drumming that can only be described as explosive—by far the heaviest set of the line up and also the most musically unique. Darkly expressive and expansive, atmospheric and in-your-face by turn, Sogg is one of those bands that you experience rather than watch.

The next night at the Crown the bands played in reverse order—no one is opening for anyone—with soft, brief interludes forming a beautiful palate cleanser from Keira Wallace and Neive Strang, together and separately. A show just as skillful and exciting—ending the night with the crowd ecstatically moshing to U-No Juno, a testament to how much love the community has for this music. A scene that feels like a friend group, all making music on the new edge of Aotearoa's creative fringe, given the backing and recognition to put out something that will make a lasting impact on the way music from this city is seen—4EPs is far from just being purely a self-referential 'new Dunedin Double', the two gigs and the compilation itself showing some of the genuine best of alternative music being made today.

By Mack Hughes

Read more on r1.co.nz/blog



TOP 11

U-No Juno (Dn)
Skyscrapers

1

Sivle Talk (Dn)
100 Different People

2

Big Dogs (Dn)
Whiff of You

3

SATSHIFT (NZ)
HYSTERIA
Ft. DITAUFRRIEND
KRIT, SickBoy, Bubba44

4

ACHTUNG! (NZ)
New Dog, Old Tricks

5

GRIFTHORSE (NZ)
Shudder/Lapse

6

Saltwater Criminals (NZ)
Skydiver

7

Lucy Gray (NZ)
Phone Song

8

HÖHÄ (Dn)
Quickly

9

Hannah Everingham (NZ)
Want You

10

Turtle Hearts & SiennaBaker (Dn)
Lately Lately

11

GIG GUIDE

FRIDAY 24TH

Ammonita EP Release Gig
w/ Monkey Do, Fubar
Pearl Diver - 9 pm

Shannon Burnett
Inchbar - 7:30 pm

Delaney Davidson
ALBUM TOUR
Hanover Hall - 8 pm

SATURDAY 25TH

Menzies
w/ U-No Juno, Dolly Possum
Pearl Diver - 8:30 pm

Sam Charlesworth, Houses in Motion, Gregor Rolls
Inchbar - 7:30 pm

HARSH NOISE SOFT COFFEE
Rdc - 12 pm

Caru & Brandn Shiraz
No. 8 Distillery- 9 pm

AN EVENING OF SOUND AND VISION
Lodge Maori - 6 pm

SUNDAY 26TH

Cap'n Spoonbill - 4-5 pm
The Hoiho - 7-9:30 pm
Folk Club

Find more @ r1.co.nz/gig-guide!

mazagran hit picks

Ammonita (Dn)
Righteous Socialite

The World is Against You (NZ)
skyrim iii

OUSA EXEC

DANIEL LEAMY & KAMESHA JONES

Kia ora team!

The second semester is well and truly underway, and OUSA has got some big things coming up! With Re:Ori behind us, we are looking toward candidate debates and voter enrollment for the general election, hundreds of club AGMs, and our very own OUSA elections in September. Plus, many more free brekkies and frunches (\$5 lunch)!

This year, the OUSA Exec has spent a large amount of time asking ourselves how our roles fit into the wider OUSA – and if the internal structures of OUSA are best fit for the purposes of advocacy, representation and support of students. It has been quite the challenge, and it is far from over.

For a long time now, various Execs have felt that this core purpose of OUSA could be better supported by a less outdated governance structure. In many ways, the Exec does not have thorough oversight of all activities and direction of OUSA, and when they do, embedded systems prevent the team from advocating for and engaging with students to the full extent we would like.

We have spent all of the first semester designing potential solutions to this problem, and this semester we are approaching you, the student body, for feedback, collaboration and engagement with our vision for OUSA. We hope to make changes that will give the student representatives a more meaningful voice at OUSA and help all branches of the organisation to better support our shared purpose of service to the student body. Keep an eye out for feedback workshops, informative posts and an upcoming Student General Meeting (SGM). These changes cannot happen without you!

Let us know if you would like to know more, or have any questions at adminvp@ousa.org.nz or president@ousa.org.nz. ★



HAVE SOMETHING JUICY TO TELL US? SEND YOUR SALACIOUS STORIES TO MOANINGFUL@CRITIC.CO.NZ SUBMISSIONS REMAIN ANONYMOUS.

Moaningful Confessions

By Lady Pain Grey

TYRE SLASHER

I was in my second-year of university, and had just broken up with my longterm boyfriend. Heartbroken and numb to pretty much everything, I was keen to figure out what university hookup culture was all about, given I'd been dating my man since year 13.

The unlucky guy who caught my attention actually happened to be my childhood best friend who I'd completely lost track of for about 10 years, but my mum had told me he was also in Dunedin for uni. Let's call him Finn.

Finn and I chatted back and forth for the majority of the year, but things got increasingly flirty once I was single and ready to mingle. Long story short, we ended up having "sex", which was really shit and took place on a polyester blanket that was such a sensory nightmare it made my teeth hurt. Neither of us really had a good time. Finn just seemed nervous and sweaty, my heart wasn't in it (it wasn't really anywhere, to be fair) and neither of us came. Being single was fucking awful, and I wasn't getting over my ex. I had basically just transferred all of my relationship feelings that I had with my ex onto Finn, which, looking back, was a really shitty thing to do.

We fucked like one other time when we were drunk at a party, which was as satisfying as the first time. A bit depressed, and being warned repeatedly by my friends that he seemed quite into me when I was incredibly emotionally unavailable, I was decidedly vulnerable when my ex texted me that he wanted to talk. I obliged, and was pretty keen to give things another go with him. Retrospectively, it was completely understandable that Finn wasn't too pleased with this, given I'd been seeing him every other day and acting as his manic pixie dream girl.

There was a brief period where I was still talking to both Finn (but getting increasingly dry) and my ex before I decided what I wanted. Finn definitely knew that something was up, and I eventually told him that I had decided to start seeing my ex again. We didn't really talk again after that, and I remember thinking that he took the entire thing pretty well.

A day or two later, I was invited to a party. I was friends with one of Finn's flatmates, who was also invited to that party. Finn's flatmate and I set off for the party, had some drinks, and did whatever. Classic Friday night on the lolly waters. It was on a dusty Saturday that I braved the walk to my car to go grab a Powerade, only to pull out from the curb and realise I had a flat tyre. That's fine – I had wanted to spend an extra \$200 that week. I got one of my mates to switch in the spare tyre, and set off to Bridgestone.

I returned to Bridgestone later that day to collect my car and see whether the tyre could be patched up or not. Concerned, the kind gentleman told me that my tyre had been stabbed with a knife around 20 times. He asked me whether I knew of who would do this, given it seems like whoever had done it had done so intentionally.

While I always like to think the best of people, my mind couldn't help but drift to Finn, given he had a very fair enough reason to be mad at me, knew what my car looked like, and knew I would be out on Friday night with his flatmate – leaving my vehicle defenceless. I honestly kind of forgot about the whole saga, given Finn had promptly dropped out of uni, moved back to Wellington, shaved his head and started the gym after I broke things off with him. Around a year later, I texted him asking if he had stabbed my tyre, which he denied. Guess we'll never know. ★

BOOZE REVIEWS

By Swig60

Welcome back pissers and shitters, and a happy international Re:Ori! We hope everyone had a good break, except for all you Aucklanders who went to Bali. Fuck you guys, we are not reviewing your shitty Bintangs. Instead, here's Hard Rated Orange.

TASTING NOTES

Yep! It's orange, alright. Tastes pretty much exactly like alcoholic Fanta with maybe a little bit of a bitter finish. Makes us all feel better about the fact that we haven't seen a real orange since we started uni. The wee zing at the end could definitely bring out an inner zest fest – catch us with a limp wrist, begging for Eagle Rock to come on.

SWIG60'S VERDICT

Just like its green and yellow sistaaaaa (Lemon Lime and Lemon Mango flavours), its non-fizzy nature makes them pretty easy to skull according to Waisnorkel. However, these cannot ever hope to dethrone our favourite child – Red Tuis. We were pretty stoked to get in touch with these post-exams, with Speight Shepherd knocking back 7 boxes of 'em in 4 days, cementing their solid spot in our rotations.

This rings especially true with the 2 for \$50 deal going on at the moment, with Grogs pitching a tent at the thought of how well these go for the bank account. We're not talking about the tent you put up at RnV. Brendan McSkullem put in some runs after a night out on these. By that we mean he had the wateriest shits of his life the next morning. He claims someone must have spiked the last drink of his second box, but logic would dictate otherwise.

Chugasnia argues that the childish allure of orange soda would restrict anyone from turning into prime Alexander Volkanovski. Instead, maybe these drinks might get you blind enough to think you're punching in town – but the beer goggles remain firmly on.

These sexy ladies get a 8/10, good enough to get anyone peeling them down. Lots of love from the boys – we can't wait to spend the sem putting our livers on the line for you.

Drink responsibly, or at least tactically. ★



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★ PRESENT ★

dean rack b2b dj
spoonbill - jseppi b2b
samuell - NBOMe -
connor wu - ned flack



Thursday July 23rd
carousel - 9pm till close
free entry

Illustrated by
Gemma McKinney

Better Cones and Gardens

By
Jonathan McCabe

EXCHANGE STUDENTS

Rejoice! The next shipment of exchange students has arrived in Ōtepoti. Filling the UniFlat beds of those who conquered the city before them, this group has got a lot to live up to.

Being heavily involved with Otago University's outdoor clubs, I find myself widely intertwined with the international student community. It wasn't long ago that I was meeting the last crop of exchange students, many of whom I grew to love dearly.

Grades are an afterthought for many of these students. Their home universities often only record whether they pass or fail their papers abroad, meaning they have far more time to venture across the motu. Knowing little about New Zealand beyond from our immaculate natural landscapes, they come sprinting off the plane begging for a ride to Milford Sound in search of Lorde herself and Lord of the Rings locations. One of the biggest fears for exchange students is only meeting other exchange students during their time abroad. As a result, being a Kiwi makes you instantly more interesting than most.

When arriving at my friend's party last sem – mostly filled with international students – I was prepared to b-line it through the crowd until I bumped into someone I knew. Shock! Horror! The second I opened the door, this guy pulled a full 180, abandoning his post mid-game of Rage Cage to greet me in his chippy American accent. "What's your name? Where are you from?" he said. When I told him I was from Auckland, he replied with a sentence I never thought I'd hear in Dunedin: "Wow! You're from Auckland! I've never met anyone from there. What's it like?" The adjectives perplexed, baffled, and flabbergasted combined still fail to capture the expression on my face.

I never feel more patriotic than when I am talking to an international student. Suddenly, I'm the representative of the entire nation. It is an absolute honour to share this town with such a wonderful bunch of frothers, acting like a tour guide, and dishing out recommendations for how to spend their limited time here. It feels like recommending your friend a TV Show – except they actually watch it.

COLUMNS ★ RANGITAKI

27

But speedrunning life also means speedrunning friendships. A noticeable shift happens in the final few weeks of the semester. A strange period of mourning begins as people savour every last moment they have abroad. But it is better to have loved and lost than to have never loved at all.

Exchange students have taught me to say yes more, widened my worldview, and pushed me outside my comfort zone. It's always worth joining them on their leisure-maxxing exploits. And hey, now I've always got a couch to surf when it's time for my Euro Summer – and you could too.

Recommendations:

Here's some advice for the new lot of exchange students taking on Ōtepoti this semester.

- Join clubs (duh). Especially one of the outdoor clubs if you are wanting to see some nature and make some friends
- Be a yes man. Go to a gig or event. Find your scene.
- Explore Ōtepoti. It's easy to underestimate little ol' Dunedin, especially if you're coming from a big city. But we've got the highest amount of awesomeness per capita in the country (in my opinion).
- Befriend someone with a vehicle. But also, be careful of these roads – especially if you're not used to driving on the left side of the road.
- Go to Te Oraka or UniPol. They've got cheap bikes to buy or rent if you're looking for a way to get around town.
- Many international students weigh up going to the North Island during their limited time abroad. As an unbiased Aucklander, I'd say go for it – especially if you don't think you'll come back to Aotearoa. You can probably give it a miss if you know you'll be back sometime soon.
- I know UniFlats kicks you out after exams, but stick around NZ for as long as possible. Whether that's through a road trip or crashing at a friend's place.

Enjoy your time in this beautiful country. You won't be able to do everything, but you'll sure get close.

Smell ya later alligator. ★

Horoscopes

Illustrated by Eleanor Walker



PISCES

Overthinking small details will send your anxiety into overdrive this week. Ground yourself before you spend hours analysing the exact punctuation of a text from your manager. Prioritise your dopamine, stop fixating on stress, and go touch some fucking grass.

Your Greek God: Athena



ARIES

The homesickness is hitting, and you're romanticising the midsem break like it wasn't just you and your parents' couch. Don't let nostalgia trick you into letting toxic hometown friends walk all over you. Set boundaries, protect your peace, and remember why you moved South.

Your Greek God: Zeus



VIRGO

In the lawless land of Octagon clubs, keep your friends close and your enemies far the fuck away. You're definitely getting dragged out this week, so stay safe and stick to the pack. Keep your wits about you, watch your friends, and turn down free drinks from strangers.

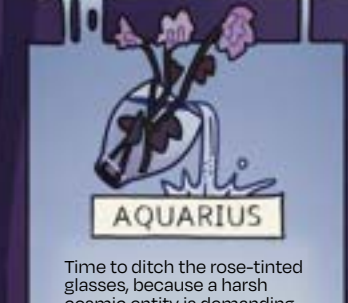
Your Greek God: Artemis



GEMINI

You'll feel a massive surge of confidence this week because of your ability to juggle a chaotic schedule with absolute grace. Between the heavy courseload, a social life, and terrible sleep schedule, make sure you've got your priorities in mind before the plot armor wears off.

Your Greek God: Hades



AQUARIUS

Time to ditch the rose-tinted glasses, because a harsh cosmic entity is demanding you take a proper look at your roster. The mid-year breakup season has arrived, and this may be a sign to manifest a more fulfilling future – even if that just means finding a new blanket buddy.

Your Greek God: Aphrodite



SCORPIO

Please don't pivot your entire career path just because one lecture was dry. Before blowing up your degree, stand in the soul crushing AskOtago queue to see if your new papers are viable. Plan properly, or you'll end up the Leith without a paddle.

Your Greek God: Hephaestus



TAURUS

The cosmos is gonna humble you real quick. Even if you want to leave your past life where it belongs, expect to see a ghost pop up in your story views. Don't freak out when the jump scare happens – just screenshot it for the group chat.

Your Greek God: Apollo



CAPRICORN

Stop overbooking yourself before you have a public meltdown in Central Library. Nobody expects you to be a CEO, and burning out before midterms will tank your GPA. Pace yourself, breathe, and accept you don't need to make millions. Yet.

Your Greek God: Hermes



LEO

This week is going to be one of many firsts – but you only live the Scarfie life once. Grab the Universe by the balls and embrace every chaotic memory. Do it so you can tell your kids all about it when you're wine drunk on a Tuesday twenty years down the track.

Your Greek God: Dionysus



CANCER

Slow down this week, and channel that chaotic energy into a huge aesthetic stationery haul. Find true inner peace by colour-coding notebooks, arranging highlighters in flawless rainbow order and turning your desk into a Pinterest board before you have to start studying.

Your Greek God: Demeter



LIBRA

It is time to get your ass back on Hinge and Bumble. A dry spell in this freezing weather is a tragedy. The Dunedin student dating pool may be a puddle of recycled exes, but love is out there. Make sure you dodge the catfish and red flags as you swipe.

Your Greek God: Terpsichore

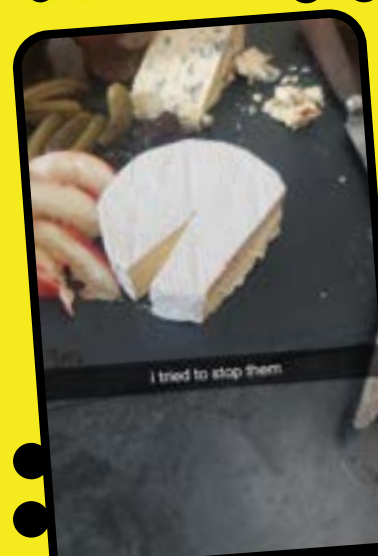


SAGITTARIUS

Share your recent wins selectively – Tall Poppy Syndrome is running rampant. Avoid the extra energy it takes to deal with insecure people who will inevitably mistake your genuine joy for a massive ego trip, and celebrate with your ride or dies.

Your Greek God: Hera

SNAP OF THE WEEK



WINNER!



SEND A SNAP TO US AT @CRITICMAG BEST SNAP EACH WEEKS WINS AN OUSA CLUBS & SOCS SAUNA VOUCHER

CONTACT CRITIC ON INSTAGRAM TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE

STUDENT STRIKE FOR EDUCATION



EAG 26 ousa EXECUTIVE

29TH OF JULY 12 PM UNION LAWN

ELECTIONS 26

WHAT DO YOU

CARE

ABOUT?

Cost of **LIVING?** \$
TENANCY? \$
 Student **JOBS?** \$
FEES FREE? \$

Say it With Your Vote

You have until midnight **October 25th** to enrol or update your details to vote in the 2026 General Elections

VOTE.NZ

ousa

TLDOR!

Med Revue 2026 will be celebrating its 50th anniversary this year! Shows are scheduled for Thursday 30th July, Friday 31st July and Saturday 1st August, with doors opening from 6.45pm and the show starting at 7.15pm. Find out more: <https://oumsa.org/med-revue>

Student Strike For Education! 29th of July, 12pm Union Lawn

OUTC's 99th Bush Ball is this weekend (25th-26th of July). Go to Tuesdays pre-meet (21st of July) to get a spot on the trip. More information on their Instagram: @outcnz

Submissions on the **Legislation (Definitions of Woman and Man) Amendment Bill** have allegedly been disappearing, with the ODT reporting that one woman had hers removed for a privacy breach after mentioning her transgender partner.

The American Football Club is hosting an American football throwing competition on the 24th of July outside the link as a fundraiser. Contestants will throw the ball as far as possible, and go in the draw to win prizes of Redbull and gift cards. **\$2 entry fee, \$5 for three throws.** More information on their Instagram: @americanfootballotago

Rest in Peace
Sam Neill <3

UniQ's Gender Affirming Wardrobe will start up soon! Gender Affirming Wardrobe, twice a semester - @ Queer Space, 4-5pm 24/07.

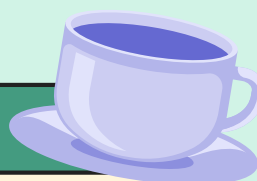
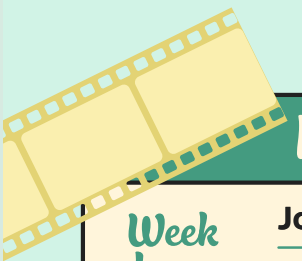
Southern Youth Brass Concert is holding its 3rd annual Sounds of the South concert on the 26th of July at 2pm, at the Castle 1 lecture theatre. Student tickets are only \$10 and can be purchased through Facebook (Southern Youth Brass) or on the day with door sales (cash or bank transfer).

4EPs, a collection of four individual EP releases by Dunedin bands **Sivle Talk, Sogg, U-No Juno and Vagina Dry**, debuted at **#1** on the Official Aotearoa Music Charts' Top 20 Aotearoa Albums last Friday, the ODT reports. Landing at **#10** on the Official Top 40 Albums, 4EPs is ahead of releases by Swift, Carpenter and Bieber.

OUSSC's Snow Sale is on the 29th of July from 12-7pm, where you can drop your second-hand snow gear off at Union Hall on the 28th. It's a great way for people to declutter, make a bit of money, and help someone else get on the mountain affordably. The event promotes sustainability and accessibility in snow sports.

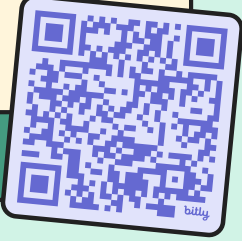
OUASA Student Support Presents: Winter Wellbeing Week

in association with Headstrong



Monday 27 July - Saturday 1 August

Week Long	Jose Colouring Competition		Student Support
	Wellbeing Support Information		Karaka Space
Mon 27 July	Free Hot Drinks		
	Craft - DIY Mould Killer	10am-12pm Clubs & Socs Craft Room	
	Kombucha Workshop	3:30-4:30pm Clubs & Socs Kitchen	
Tue 28 July	Mrs Olive Cooking Class	5:30-7pm Clubs & Socs Kitchen	
	Free Hot Drinks		
	Craft - Air Dry Clay Creations	10am-12pm Clubs & Socs Craft Room	
Wed 29 July	Free Flu Vaccine	11am-2pm University Link	
	Finance & Budgeting Workshop	12-1pm Clubs & Socs Room 2	
	Free Hot Drinks		
Thur 30 July	Craft - Crocheting	10am-12pm Clubs & Socs Craft Room	
	Sketching on Campus	11am-1pm Meet outside Clocktower	
	Breathwork Workshop	3:30-5:30pm Clubs & Socs Dance Studio	
Fri 31 July	Adjusting to the Season Workshop	5:15-6:15pm Clubs & Socs Room 2 & 3	
	Free Hot Drinks		
	Craft - Badge Making	10am-12pm Clubs & Socs Craft Room	
Sat 1 Aug	HYBRID Workshop	5-7pm Clubs & Socs Otago Room	
	Free Hot Drinks		
	Craft - Zine Workshop	10am-12pm Clubs & Socs Craft Room	
Sat 1 Aug	Movie Night <i>Monsters University</i>	Kids are Welcome 5-7pm Clubs & Socs Evison Lounge	
	Zumba with Debbie	9:30-10:30am Clubs & Socs Dance Studio	



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